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## AN ANNIVERSARY ORATION

ON THE SUBJECT OF QUARANTINES,

*Delivered to the* PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL SOCIETY, *on the*

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BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D.

*(Concluded from page 8.)*

Having, then, the power to subserve the interest of truth and of your country, on this subject, the exercise of that power must be left to your own wisdom and discretion. I have no doubt, however, but you will be found as prompt and zealous, as you are capable of being efficacious and useful, in your exertions. To convince you of my readiness to co-operate with you, to the full extent of my abilities, and even to expose myself in the front of this war against error and prejudice, I will here submit to your consideration a few remarks on the subject of quarantines. Perhaps a brief view of the origin of these institutions, and of the circumstances attending their first establishment, may aid us in judging of their rationality and usefulness.

The first Lazaretto and system of quarantine, of which we have any account, were established at Venice in the year 1448, during the ravages of a very destructive pestilence. Not long after this, similiar institutions were

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erected at Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Malta, Messina, Zante, Spezia, and various other European ports, where they have continued, without interruption or any material alteration, to the present day. It must be acknowledged, therefore, that these establishments have the sanction of considerable antiquity to recommend them. And this antiquity has been adduced by some writers as an argument in favour of their great utility, and of the soundness of the principles on which they are founded. Had they not, say these authors, been proved by experience to be effectual and unequivocal guardians of public health, they would, long since, have fallen into disrepute and been abolished. But this mode of reasoning, though somewhat plausible and imposing, is highly erroneous. Admit antiquity as an infallible test of excellence, and then every institution becomes more valuable, in proportion as it acquires a greater age. Let us see to what dangerous extremes this principle would lead us. The Jewish is much more ancient than the christian religion. So is the religion of the Persians, the Chinese, the Hindoos, and other nations of the east. But does it follow from hence, that they are also more pure and enlightened as systems of pious instructions, or more sound and correct as codes of moral precept? As possessed of reason and understanding we cannot, and, as professors of christianity, we dare not, answer this question in the affirmative. On the other hand, judgement, conscience, and faith, combine to extort from us a negative reply.

In matters where physical science is concerned, the antiquity of establishments, unless they have been frequently altered and amended, is an argument against their excellence rather than in favour of it. The course of science is known to be progressive. As mankind advance in their knowledge of nature, they find it necessary to make frequent changes and innovations in long established opinions and systems, and sometimes to abandon them altogether. This is, perhaps, more particularly the case in things relating to the science of medicine. For I believe it to be true, that medical opinions have undergone more numerous and more rapid changes than those connected with any other branch of philosophy.

If we advert to the circumstances of the *time* in which systems of quarantine were first established, we will de-



rive no argument in favour of them from that quarter. On the other hand, we will be led to suspect, that they were founded on principles of superstition and prejudice rather than on those of reason and science. The fifteenth century, which gave birth to these institutions, was a period of physical darkness throughout the world. This was peculiarly the case in Italy, and in the south of Europe in general, where the human mind, was led most astray by the delusive wiles of priest-craft, and groaned under the heaviest load of papal tyranny. Though at that time polite literature was cultivated with considerable success in some of the Italian States, particularly at Florence and in other parts of Tuscany, yet Europe does not appear to have been able to boast a single physician or philosopher of real eminence. The whole genius of the age was devoted to warfare, poetry, painting, sculpture, and ecclesiastical learning. As yet the study of nature by experiment and observation, the only way in which any progress can be made in physical science, was not only neglected, but wholly unknown. The genius of Bacon, the true father of modern philosophy, had not yet sent forth its illuminating beams. Although a few physicians of that period have transmitted their names and their writings to posterity, yet these writings exhibit little else than a strange discordant mixture of the errors, absurdities, and extravagances of the time. As these writers appear to have had no knowledge whatever of the real causes of disease, they have indulged themselves in the most unbounded flights of fancy and superstition, in search of imaginary causes. Hence they derived some diseases from astral and planetary influence, others from demoniacal influence, and others from the immediate agency of heaven. To this latter class belonged the *pestilence* itself, the very disease for the prevention of which systems of quarantine were about the same time erected.

At first view there at, appears to be, in this particular instance, a striking inconsistency between the doctrines and the practicable establishments of the age. But, on a more careful examination of the subject, this seeming inconsistency vanishes. It must be recollected that in the fifteenth century, the fervid enthusiasm, which had previously impelled the hosts of Europe to carry their arms into Asia in the holy wars, had not yet entirely subsided in the breasts

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of their descendants. The countries of the east continued still to be regarded with mingled emotions of reverence and abhorrence—reverence for the soil which had been rendered sacred by the footsteps and blood of the Messiah, and abhorrence of the idolatrous and impious rites by which that soil was daily polluted. The infidels by whom these abominations were committed, not only throughout the country where the gospel of life had been first promulgated, but even on the hill of Calvary itself, were considered as the proper and peculiar objects of divine indignation. On these heretics therefore, it was believed that the Deity had, by his own immediate act, sent down the destroying *pestilence*, as a punishment for their disbelief of the gospel, and their disregard for the precepts, of his Son. Like the late pestilential diseases of the United States, the Asiatic pestilence was *then* erroneously regarded as a *new* disease. But, as it was deemed both new and of supernatural origin, it was considered as also possessed of certain extraordinary properties. Among these was, *its power of being communicated from one country to another*. Although this disease had been, in reality, known from the earliest times, yet, previously to this period, no such power had ever been attributed to it. The fleets and armies of the ancient Greeks and Romans had repeatedly visited Egypt and the other provinces of the East, and returned again to their native countries, without the least restraint or precaution. So had the troops of the various European nations, during the continuance of the holy wars. Yet, in these instances, no suspicion appears to have been entertained of the introduction of the Asiatic pestilence into any part of Europe. But we know that this disease raged several times among the crusaders whilst in Asia, as well as in many of the armies of ancient Rome.

Such, then, appears to have been the origin of the doctrine of the importation of pestilence into Christendom. A malignant and fatal disease was believed to have been inflicted, as a punishment from heaven, on the infidels of the East. This disease was further believed to be communicated by contagion, through the channels of commerce, to the christians of the West. And, for the prevention of such a calamity among the latter, systems of quarantine were devised and erected.



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But, there was probably another cause which assisted in inducing the inhabitants of Europe, to consider the pestilence as introduced among them from the shores of Asia. This cause also had an indirect relation to the holy wars. The crusaders, on their return from the East, though they were never charged with the introduction of pestilence, are known to have brought along with them the small-pox, as one of the rewards of their pious expeditions. This circumstance would be likely to induce their descendants, who suffered grievously from that loathsome and destructive complaint, to regard the land polluted by the infidels, as the proper nursery of many other formidable diseases. Having certainly derived one of their calamities from that region, it was not unnatural for them, in their prejudiced and very limited view of things, to look to the same quarter for other evils of a similar nature. Even at the present day, there are certain strange and irrational notions entertained on this subject. The countries of Asia are still considered by many as the birth-place of particular diseases which cannot originate in Europe or America, although the climates of these several regions are, in many places, precisely similar, and all their other physical causes are capable of operating with the same degree of force. Such sentiments, like the dreams of the physicians of the fifteenth century, are at open war with the very rudiments of philosophy.

There is still a further circumstance, which also contributes to give a very superstitious complexion to the origin of quarantines. The term itself imports, that *forty days*, constituted the period of time, deemed necessary to be set apart for the purification of things infected. But the adoption of this period cannot be considered as the result of a philosophical inquiry, relative to the nature of pestilential poison, and the space of time requisite for its removal or destruction. It is derived merely from a superstitious regard for the number *forty*, on account of the accidental relation which that number bears to certain events and circumstances recorded in the Old and New Testaments. Thus, the Israelites were *forty* years in traversing the wilderness between Egypt and the Land of Promise. Under the law of Moses, the term of *forty* days was necessary for the completion of certain purifica-

tory processes. Christ fasted *forty* days in the wilderness, for the purpose, as some commentators allege, of purifying his body from all such passions and propensities, as might tend to render it disobedient to the dictates of the spirit. Therefore, said the priest, and other superstitious zealots of the day, a *quarantine*, or lustration of forty days, is requisite for the cleansing of vessels, and other articles, contaminated by pestilential contagion.

Such, then, were the time when, and the circumstances under which, lazarettos and systems of quarantine were first established by the nations of Europe. The age was a period of great darkness, and the whole business appears to have originated in, and to have been deeply tinged by, the religious bigotry and delusion of the times. As a further evidence of this delusive bigotry, it may be observed, that lazarettos and pest-houses were, at first, entrusted almost exclusively to the care of ecclesiastics, whose piety and sacred character were supposed to be a shield against the arrows of contagion. Nor have the rules, regulations, and general management of these institutions undergone any very material amendment or alteration, even down to the present day. In the south of Europe lazarettos and quarantine establishments are in nearly the same condition, and under nearly the same government now, that they were three hundred years ago. The light which, like a day star, has burst forth in all departments of physical science, does not appear to have penetrated, as yet, the ancient night of these establishments. They are, in almost as high a degree, overwhelmed by prejudice, superstition, and error, at present, as they were at the time of their first institution. Yet have they served as the chief models for similar establishments in most other parts of Europe. Hence, when the celebrated Howard set out on his travels to acquire a knowledge of quarantines for the benefit of his country, he directed his course to the shores of the Mediterranean. Yet, from the account which that writer has himself given of the several pest-houses and lazarettos, which he visited in Italy and elsewhere, they appear to the eye of philosophy, much better calculated to generate than to prevent pestilential diseases. For they are mere dungeons of dampness, filth, and putrefaction. The ceremonies through which all persons and articles arriving at them from sickly



or suspected places are obliged to pass, are as unmeaning and preposterous as any of the rites of the most superstitious form of worship. Indeed, such is the perverted state of these establishments that (supposing their continuance to be necessary at all) it calls for the reforming hand of a medical Luther, or a Calvin, no less than the abuses of the Church did during the pontificate of Leo X. If circumstances do not even demand an entire demolition of them (which I am persuaded, they do) they demand, at least, their complete regeneration.

In reply to these observations, it will probably be said, that the systems of quarantine, against which I am here inveighing, have (notwithstanding my charges of error and superstition) had the happy effect of preserving Europe from the Asiatic pestilence. Were this indeed the case, my arguments against them could have but little weight. The assertion, however, is wholly unfounded. They never protected a single individual, much less a whole country from this horrible disease. For nearly two centuries after the establishment of these systems, the south of Europe was visited by pestilence, as frequently as it had ever been before. Its exemption from that calamity, in latter times, has been owing to causes that have no connexion with lazarettos and quarantines. These causes consist in the agricultural improvements which have drained and dried up offensive marshes and large bodies of stagnant water, in the introduction of forms of police enforcing greater cleanliness and purity in large commercial cities, and in a radical change in the customs and modes of living of the inhabitants. In other words, they consist in the removal of extensive sources of septic exhalations, in higher degrees of personal and domestic cleanliness, and in the adoption of a diet and mode of life, better suited to the nature of the climate, and the constitution of the people. Let Italy and other countries of the south of Europe be reduced to the half-cultivated state in which they were during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and they will again, notwithstanding their quarantines and lazarettos, be subject, as before, to pestilential epidemics. On the other hand, let even the countries of Asia be put under a proper state of agricultural improvement, let their cities become subject to a wise and well executed police, and let their

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inhabitants live in a manner accommodated to the climate, paying, in particular, a due regard to personal and domestic cleanliness, and pestilence will cease to be the perpetual opprobrium and scourge of the East. For there is no country on earth, so abandoned by nature, to inevitable calamity, as to be *necessarily* subject to that disease.

Very early in the eighteenth century, the pestilence had been slightly epidemic in several of the countries of Europe. At length, in the year 1720, it broke out in Marseilles, where it prevailed for a time with unbridled rage and great mortality. Believing the disease to be highly contagious, Great Britain began to tremble for her safety. Accordingly, the eye of the British ministry became eager in search of means to avert from the nation the impending evil. In this state of apprehension and anxiety, application was made to Dr. Meade, physician to George II, who, if not the most able, was, at least, the most popular, physician of the kingdom. This favourite of the court was requested to furnish a system of rules and regulations, to prevent the introduction of a disease, which was committing such ravages in the south of France.

In complying, or rather in attempting to comply, with this request, Dr. Meade had nothing but his knowledge of books to direct him. He had had no personal experience in pestilential diseases, and could, therefore, do nothing else than simply tread in the footsteps of his predecessors. We accordingly find him immersed in most of the weaknesses and errors, and even in some of the wild extravagancies of the dark ages. He did not, indeed, contend, that pestilence was an engine of vengeance launched immediately from the hand of Deity. He considered it as an evil of terrestrial origin. But, he was firmly of opinion, that it had been always generated in the sultry climates of the East, and introduced from thence into Europe by means of contagion. Respecting the virulence and activity of this contagion, he relates several stories too gross and extravagant even for the ear of credulity itself. It would be unpardonable, therefore, to offend your ears by a repetition of them.

As to Dr. Meade's practical rules and directions on the subject of quarantine, he candidly acknowledges that they are derived entirely from the practices long pursued in the



south of Europe. He does not even attempt the suggestion of a single improvement, as to the mode of preventing the introduction of pestilence from foreign places. He has, indeed, left both the business of quarantine and the doctrine of contagion precisely as he found them, except that he impressed the errors which he had himself imbibed respecting them, more deeply than before on the minds of his countrymen. For, possessed as he was of eloquence, ingenuity, and address, and sanctioned in his efforts by national and royal patronage, he spoke and wrote with the weight of an oracle. Such was, for a time, his ascendancy over the public mind, that it was deemed a kind of medical heresy to dissent from his opinions. I fear that, even at the present day, the sentiments of Dr. Meade, respecting pestilential contagion, have a secret yet powerful influence over the minds of many physicians, both in England and the United States. Had he never written on contagion and quarantines, error on these subjects would never have been able to boast such a widely extended and such a protracted reign.

From the time of Dr. Meade till within the last thirteen years, but little attention was bestowed on the business of quarantines. The cities of Europe remained free from pestilence, and no event took place to bring the subject into notice. In consequence of this, the principles and practices long established in these institutions, continued in use without question and without alteration. Lazarettos and systems of quarantine were the only institutions bearing any relation to science, which had been handed down from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, without having undergone either revision or amendment. They were still, therefore, deeply tinctured with the superstition and semi-barbarism of the age in which they were founded.

It came at length to the turn of the United States to figure in the great drama of contagion and quarantine. Her part was a tragical one; and it must be confessed that she has performed it with such effect, as to overwhelm both science and humanity in tears.

The pestilence appeared first in the city of New-York in the year 1792. But as it was confined within narrow limits, and produced but little mortality, it did not become an object of much public notice or solicitude. In the year 1793,

the same disease, but very different in violence and malignity, broke out and raged in the city of Philadelphia. The sudden and great mortality which it occasioned, and the unprecedented rapidity with which it spread among the inhabitants, struck both the city and the country with the utmost consternation. Even the most distant parts of the United States, seemed at first to tremble for their safety. The disease was admitted by every one to be highly contagious, and was very generally believed to have been introduced into Philadelphia by a sickly vessel from the island of St. Domingo. This belief, which, without the slightest examination into circumstances, was hastily adopted, and propagated with a kind of apostolick zeal, has proved a source of the most grievous misfortune to the commerce and prosperity of our city.

To the honour of our country, however, this opinion was not universal. When the pestilence appeared in Philadelphia in the year 1793, Dr. Rush, supported by a few other physicians, boldly declared it to have originated from local and domestic causes. But, like the still, small whispers of conscience amid the boisterous uproar of the passions, the voice of these interpreters of nature was drowned at the time by the loud and general cry of "*importation from abroad!*" Accordingly, systems of quarantine, founded on a presumption of such importation, were soon afterwards established at Philadelphia, New-York, Baltimore, and other commercial cities of the union. They were directed particularly against vessels arriving from the West-India islands, which were regarded, if not as the birth-place, at least, as the nursery of the evil which such systems were intended to prevent. These establishments were nothing more than mere copies of similar institutions in the old world. Indeed as they were erected in great haste, and under the direction of men who had never before reflected on the subject, they could not be expected to assume an improved form. Nothing in their organization bespoke either the superintendence of sound reason, or an acquaintance with nature. They appeared in all their departments to be the offspring of mere chance, or of something more systematically erroneous. Directed exclusively against *contagion* supposed to be in some way attached to vessels arriving from tropical climates, they paid at first no regard



to the real *cleanliness* of the vessels themselves. Filth of every description appeared to be regarded by their framers as an innocent article. This was more particularly the case with respect to the system of quarantine established in the port of Philadelphia.

The insufficiency of these establishments for answering the end proposed, was soon discovered in every quarter. Notwithstanding the strictness with which the measures they enjoined were executed, the pestilence appeared repeatedly in most of our large commercial cities, as well as in various inland places. This produced frequent changes and modifications in our systems of quarantine, which it would be alike impracticable and useless to specify. They had all the appearance of mere experiments, made by undiscerning men, without any established principles to direct them. Unfortunately for the importers of pestilence, the result of each succeeding experiment proved alike unfavourable to their opinions and expectations. Notwithstanding this, the establishment was still kept up, and the confidence of many in the efficacy of quarantines remained unshaken. The perpetual cry of these characters was, "Let our quarantines be so strict and rigid in principle, and so faithfully executed as to suspend all intercourse with the West-Indies and other tropical climates, during the summer and autumnal months, and the calamity of pestilence will cease to afflict us."

But I perceive, gentlemen, that I have already trespassed too much on your time. I will, therefore, pursue the history of quarantines no further. I flatter myself I have dwelt on the subject sufficiently at large, to give you a view of its most prominent features. I have already stated to you, and I beg leave to repeat it, that the practice of quarantines commenced during the dark ages, when Europe was a stranger to physical science, that it appears to have owed its origin, in a great measure, to a superstitious abhorrence entertained towards the infidels of the East, and that it has been continued down to the present day, without any material alteration or improvement. While other practices and institutions, of similar date, have been either abolished or amended, in consequence of the light shed on their principles, by the advancement of science in modern times, this alone has been suffered to remain immersed in

its primitive darkness, and surrounded by all its original errors.

What have been the effects of quarantines on the interest and prosperity of the United States? Have they, in a single instance, been instrumental in protecting any one of our seaports from the ravages of pestilence? We owe it to truth and independence of sentiment, we owe it to our country, to assert that they have not. Those commercial cities in which no quarantines have existed, or in which they have been so light as to exist only in name, have been as free from pestilence as others where they have been practised in their utmost rigour. Of the truth of this, Philadelphia furnishes a melancholy example. For twelve years past has her commerce languished under the weight of the fetters of quarantine, while that of the other principal cities of the union has been comparatively free. Yet has she not, from this state of severe and oppressive restraint, derived the shadow of advantage on the score of health. With the single exception of New-York, which has experienced equal calamities, she has been by far the greatest sufferer in the union from pestilential visitations. Her citizens have suffered incalculably in their fortunes, without being rewarded by any equivalent in the security of their persons. A few years ago, Philadelphia stood proudly pre-eminent on the scale of commerce. But what is now her humiliated state? Stripped of her ancient and well-earned pre-eminence, she beholds herself sunk to a secondary rank, and that by the sole operation of an unwise and destructive quarantine.

But, though Philadelphia has been most deeply affected in her interests, yet the commerce of the United States at large has suffered severely from systems of quarantine. We have declared, as a people, by our public acts and public writings, that our pestilential epidemics are highly contagious, and capable of being conveyed from country to country. The nations of Europe have taken us at our word, and assumed, with respect to us, a defensive attitude. During certain months in the year, our vessels are prevented from entering their ports, except after the performance of an oppressive quarantine.

For this evil we are indebted entirely to our own ignorance and indiscretion. We are ourselves the cause of



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our being regarded abroad as an infected people, with whom, at certain seasons, it is dangerous to hold an immediate intercourse. In the West-Indies as well as in the tropical parts of South America, the inhabitants are subject to pestilential diseases precisely such as we experience. Yet neither in England, France, Spain, Portugal, nor Italy, are vessels from those burning and sickly regions subject to quarantine. Ever since the discoveries of Columbus have such vessels been admitted into the ports of these countries, without restraint, and without even the suspicion of introducing contagion.

Whence, then, arise those rigorous measures of quarantine, which are pointed exclusively against vessels from the United States? Why are vessels from the West-Indies and the tropical section of Spanish America suffered to enter the ports of Europe without molestation, while ours are prohibited under the heaviest penalty? The answer to this is obvious and easy.

The inhabitants of the West-Indies and of South America declare unanimously, that the pestilential diseases of those regions are not contagious, and, therefore, not capable of being transported to the mother countries. We, on the other hand, declare the reverse to be true, with regard to the pestilence which has prevailed in our commercial cities. The governments of Europe, giving full credit to both our assertions, and framing their measures accordingly, very consistently subject to quarantine, at certain times, all vessels arriving from the United States, while those from the West-Indies and South America are suffered to pass without detention. Had we not, with an equal want of truth and of wisdom, attributed to the pestilence of our country a quality which it certainly does not possess (I mean contagion) whatever our sufferings might have been from it at home, they would not have been doubled by extending to our commerce in foreign places. On the other hand, should the inhabitants of the West-Indies, even at this time, pronounce their febrile diseases to be contagious, there can be no doubt but the nations of Europe would take the alarm, and include in their measures of quarantine all vessels from those regions. Such are the consequences which every people must expect, who proclaim their country to be a nursery of contagion.

When compared with each other, the practices of quarantine in Europe and in the United States, exhibit a strange and ludicrous inconsistency ; an inconsistency disgraceful to nations, which call themselves enlightened. Thus, in the U. S. we subject to quarantine vessels arriving from the West-Indies, pronouncing our own country free from pestilence, unless when introduced from that quarter. In Europe, on the other hand, all vessels from the West-Indies are exempt from quarantine, while those from the United States are compelled to submit to it. In other words, we declare the West-Indies, to be the genuine birth-place of pestilential contagion, which gains admission into our own country only through the channels of commerce. But the nations of Europe deny this, attaching the opprobrium of contagion exclusively to the United States, and contending that the West-Indies are free from it. Such inconsistencies in practice bespeak a radical error in principle.

But we have, hitherto, dwelt only on the dark and cheerless side of our subject. Let us, for a moment, direct our views to that quarter of it, where a more bright and pleasing prospect invites us ; that quarter, where the dawn of a new era, in medical science, has already unbarred its ruddy portals. On the front of these portals, behold inscribed, in shining letters, the sublime and prophetic effusion of the poet,

*"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo."*

A new series of events is about to commence their brilliant course.

Yes, gentlemen, as far as relates to pestilential diseases, a new series of events is, indeed, about to commence ; I should rather say, it has already commenced, and is destined to abolish the doctrine of pestilential contagion, and with it all pest-houses, and systems of quarantine throughout the world. Let it be our pride to remember, that this series first began its course among ourselves, and is now forcing its way through the nations of Europe. It is several years since all the most enlightened physicians of the United States rejected the doctrine of contagion, as far as relates to the pestilence of our own country. These characters contended, of course, that this disease was not, and could not be, imported from abroad, and that, therefore,



systems of quarantine for its prevention were useless establishments. This opinion has found its way into the South of Europe, and has been ably supported, as applicable to the pestilential diseases which have lately prevailed in that quarter. The most enlightened physicians of Spain and Italy have contended and proved, that these diseases were neither contagious nor imported from abroad, and that, therefore, systems of quarantine were useless and nugatory as means of prevention.

But it may be asked, shall there, then, be no quarantine establishments in the United States? and shall all vessels from tropical climates, whether healthy or not, be suffered at all seasons of the year to enter our ports immediately on their arrival? I answer, let the detention of quarantine be entirely abolished, and the process of simple *purification* substituted in its stead. This process consists solely in washing and ventilating vessels, and may be completed in three days as well as in forty. All vessels, after long voyages, whether sickly or not, and from whatever place or climate they may have come, ought, during warm weather, to be compelled to undergo this necessary purification, previously to their admission into any of our ports. Such a measure is not too rigid for commerce to bear, and it is all that the public safety requires.

But it is not alone with regard to the pestilential diseases of Europe and America, that the doctrine of contagion is falling into disrepute. The same enlightened sentiment begins to prevail relative to the plague of Asia and Egypt.

It is six years since I had the honour, in this hall, of addressing your predecessors in our society, on the analogies between the pestilence of the east and the yellow fever or pestilence of the west. I contended at that time, though in opposition to an unbroken host of prejudices, that *neither* of these forms of disease is contagious. And I can now with sincerity assure you, that as my years accumulate and my observation extends, my conviction of the truth of this opinion increases in strength. But, what is still more consolatory and encouraging, I have the happiness to find, that the same opinion (which is becoming popular in some parts of the United States) is also advocated by many distinguished characters in other countries.



In contemplating this particular head of our subject, we find reason to rejoice, that even war itself is not at all times an unqualified evil. Amidst its varied and destructive operations, some good occasionally breaks forth, to make a partial amends for its horrors and calamities. The armies, on their return from the holy wars, during the dark ages, are known to have brought with them from the countries of the east, the semina of those arts and sciences, which have since taken root, and enlightened and aggrandized the nations of Europe. In like manner, the late French and English expedition into Egypt has been the cause of diffusing through Europe and America much valuable information relative to the oriental pestilence. The ablest of the physicians and philosophers who attended the respective armies on that occasion, have ascertained, and proved in their writings, that this disease is not contagious. They have clearly shown it to be nothing but the endemick of the eastern climates, depending for its origin and existence on local causes, and wholly incapable of being conveyed and propagated in distant countries. As soon as this sentiment shall become general among the nations of Europe (and, being true, it must become general) their systems of quarantine for the prevention of the Asiatic pestilence will be regarded as useless, a sure precursor of their final demolition. Indeed if we carefully examine the writings of Bruce, Volney, Sonnini, Antes, and other travellers, they cannot fail to convince us, in opposition to the avowed sentiments of their authors, that the plague of Egypt and Asia is not contagious. Even the treatise of Russel himself, the great apostle of contagion, contains facts sufficient to refute his own doctrine.

If, then, Gentlemen, such is the nature and such the tendency of systems of quarantine; if these systems are indeed founded in error and superstition, and productive only of mischief, you are called on by your love of truth, and by that spirit of patriotism, which it is, no doubt, your delight, as it is certainly your duty to cherish, to aid in the demolition of those of the United States. It is known to you that the quarantine establishments of our country are bottomed on special laws enacted for the purpose. While these laws continue in force, it would be criminal to impede their operation or frustrate their intention. They



spring, however, like all others, out of the general sentiment and will of the people. To strike effectually at the root of the evil, this sentiment, which is now erroneous must be corrected, and this will, which is now misguided, must be made to assume a proper direction. In other words, the people must be made to think correctly on the subject of quarantines, and a repeal of the laws on which these institutions are founded will be the immediate consequence. To you, Gentlemen, I beg leave to repeat, this work of reform in the public sentiment must be, in part, entrusted. Your influence in society, on this subject, will be extensive and weighty. On precisely the same scale then will be your duty to act. Let it be your constant endeavour to use this influence in such a way, as to convince your fellow-citizens, that the pestilence of our country is neither imported from abroad nor contagious in its nature, and that, therefore, our quarantine establishments intended for its prevention are useless and oppressive. This service, not only your country in particular, but your contemporaries at large have a right to expect from you, and posterity will regard your memory according as you perform it.

I would be wanting in respect for the interesting occasion on which we are convened, were I to part from you without tendering you my sincere congratulations on the uncommonly flourishing state of our society. The clouds of schism which hung over it of late, and the breath of adversity which threatened to blast it, have only served to renovate its vigour. On these temporary evils it may now look back with emotions of triumph. Intimately connected as it is with the university of Pennsylvania, possessing funds that will shortly be sufficient for all its purposes, and firmly rooted, as to its welfare, in the affections of its members throughout the union, it may be confidently said to have but little to wish, and nothing to fear. Nor can it fail, with such advantages, and under proper management, to attain and preserve an elevated rank among the medical associations of the age. Let these considerations inspire its friends with higher zeal, and invigorate their efforts for its support and promotion. And let me hope, Gentlemen, that each of you will be prepared to reciprocate the sentiment, with sincerity and becoming fervour, when I say of our society, "*esto perpetua!*"

## ON NATURAL AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

## LECTURES VII &amp; VIII.

*Electricity.*

ELECTRICITY, caloric, and light, having many properties alike, have been thought but modifications of one and the same principle. This most subtle fluid, seems more or less inherent in all matter—but some bodies conduct or transmit it, whilst others stop its progress from one body to another. Glass, air, silk, gums, &c. are *non-conductors*, and called *electrics*: but metals, water, green wood, and most animal and vegetable substances, are *conductors*, and are called *non-electrics*. 1. If a long tube of glass be rubbed with warm silk, an atmosphere of this electric fluid will be formed all round it, and if a finger approach the tube, will come visibly off the tube into the finger with a snap: The reason is, the friction collects the fluid from the earth (its grand reservoir) and the spark is the effort it makes to disperse itself again, and thereby restore its equilibrium. 2. If the same tube electrified, approach a *feather*, hung by a silk thread, it will *attract* the feather once; but if held to it again, will *repel* it. The silk will not conduct the electric fluid; the equilibrium is, therefore, effected between the tube and the feather on the first approach; on the second, the atmosphere of the tube pressing on that of the feather, drives the feather from it (for two bodies possessed of the same electricity universally repel one another; but if the feather be suspended by a flaxen thread, the electrified tube will always attract it, because the fluid can make its escape up the thread, and thereby leave a continued inequality between them. A *large globe* or *cylinder* of glass, with a *silk cushion* covered with an amalgam of quicksilver and tinfoil, or zink, or aurum mosaicum spread on black silk, saturated with mercurial ointment, to produce the friction; a *prime conductor* to take off the *electric atmosphere* from the glass, and deposit it in a *glass receiver* covered in and outside with tinfoil to within two inches of the top, and a *wheel* to put the cylinder in motion, is called the *electric machine*, or *fire pump*. An electric machine of great power is also made of oiled or gumed silk drawn



between rubbers of cat's skin with the fur on. When a machine is put in motion, it disturbs the equilibrium of the *electric* fluid about it, and from thence the whole of its phenomena proceed, as may be proved by experiment. 1. If a person touch the electrified conductor, the fire will escape from it through the person into the ground, with a flash and report. 2. If any number of persons take hands, and the first person hold a chain which communicates with the *outside* of the receiver, and the last person touch the communication with the *inside* when the phial is charged, the fluid will restore itself through all the company at the same instant, giving each a shock at the wrists and elbows, in its passage back again to the *outside* of the phial. 3. If a person stand on a stool with *glass feet*, and hold a chain fastened to a conductor, on turning a machine, and touching him, sparks may be brought out of every part of his person and clothes, and if he touch warm spirits, or gunpowder, with his finger, they will take fire; which shews that the electric fire is chiefly pumped from the earth, and cannot return to it again through glass. 4. If a ball be hung on the conductor, and a plate of *bran* or *leaf gold* be placed under it, on electrifying the ball, the bran will be alternately attracted to and repelled from it, in a beautiful shower: here the particles of the bran are carriers, as it were, of the electric fire from the ball to the plate: And if two *bells* be hung on the conductor, one by a flaxen thread, and the other by a silk thread (having from it a chain to the table), if a small *clapper* be hung between them on a silk thread, it will carry the fire from one to another, and thereby ring both. 5. *Electrified feathers* spread out their threads radiantly; if a round body be held to them they *cling* to it and deposit their fire; but if a point be held near them they shrink at once; hence the reason why the wire conductors rising from the ground above the tops of houses, terminate in points to receive with more ease the *lightning* from the clouds, and thereby prevent its mischief. 6. If *wires* fixed like the spokes of a wheel be suspended on their centre, with their points bent all the same way, and in the plane of the circle; on being electrified, the effluvia flowing from the points will strike so forcibly upon the air as to force the wheel round with great rapidity: Hence a simple and pleasing electric orrery is put in

motion,—and various mills and other devices. 7. *Water and salt* (like the cylinder and cushion) will collect the electric fluid when put in motion, for one is an *electric*, and the other a *non-electric* body; hence the *sea* itself becomes, as it were, a *huge electrical machine* when violently agitated by winds; collecting on its troubled surface the fire from beneath, and looking in the night as if it were all in flames. *Clouds* raised from a sea so circumstanced, must needs contain more of the electric fluid than clouds raised from the land, or calm sea; if therefore two clouds meet, fraught with *unequal portions of this fluid*, the cloud more electrified will deposit its abundance in the cloud less electrified, and with a flash of lightning restore the equilibrium; this fire driving to a distance the air that surrounds it—the stroke formed by the return of that air is *thunder*. Some think putrid fish, others, animalculæ, or an east wind, the cause of the luminous appearance of the sea. If a cloud attracted by a neighbouring mountain contain *more* electric fluid (matter for matter) than the mountain, the lightning will dart from the cloud to the mountain, and vice versa; hence, if an electric cloud come too near a *tower, tree, house, &c.* and they be not wet, the negative of one will meet the positive of the other in an effort to restore the equipoise, and if greatly obstructed in their passage, will, perhaps, break all non-conducting substances in their way to pieces; to stand very near a tree is, therefore, dangerous in a thunder storm; and shews also the utility of having a conducting wire reaching from a few feet above the building into the ground, down which the equilibrium will be restored without danger; and if the wire do not touch the ground, a finger at that time applied to the wire, will receive that *electric flash* much stronger than by a machine. A *kite* sent up into the thunder-cloud by a wire, having a key tied to its end, and held by a silk ribband, will attract the fire from the cloud; it will come down the wire, and stream off the key to the ground in a beautiful but alarming torrent of fire.

'Tis thus, by weight and measure, the ALMIGHTY has appointed self-physic for the disorders of his works!

If a *capillary syphon* be made to decant water, it will fall from it in *small drops*, but if the water be electrified it



flows from the syphon in a *swift stream*. Hence it is found that a person *positively electrified* (i. e. having more electric fluid thrown into him than his *natural quantity*, by standing on a cake of wax, or a glass-footed stool, and touching an electrified conductor), has his *pulse accelerated*. This acceleration has been found of great service in *obstructions, rheumatisms, palsies, &c.* and the *electric shock* has been still more successful in removing *paralytick complaints, deafness, tooth-ach, numbness, &c.* Sparks drawn from chilblains, swellings, &c. have a great effect, and the aura from a wooden point has dispersed the cataract of the eye.

*The electrical fluid always goes the nearest way, and chooses the best conductors.* A chain hung on a wall, and made part of the circuit from the *in* to the *outside* of the charged leaden phial, is luminous when the phial is discharged, and shews the road taken by the electric fluid: but if a straight wire touch the two ends of the chain, the chain will not be luminous, for the fluid will run invisibly through the wire, as being the *nearer* road. If the wire be then removed, and a stick put into its place, the chain again becomes luminous in the discharge, as the fluid will rather go a longer distance than pass through a bad conductor.

*The electric fluid induced on the inside coating of a leaden phial, draws an equal quantity from the outside.* 1. If the outside coating of a phial consist of pieces of tinfoil, not touching one another, the fire will be seen darting from one piece to another, till the charge is completed: when discharged the fluid will return, and make the whole outside luminous. 2. A bottle, having its bottom coated on both sides, and a cap cemented on its neck, with a valve; and from that cap a pointed wire going near the bottom of the bottle: If this bottle be exhausted of its air (but not to a vacuum), it will be found a good conductor; and when the cap is held to the prime conductor, flames like the Aurora borealis will issue from the point of the wire to the inside coating, and charge it;—but while an imperfect communication is made between the negative outside and the positive inside, the point receives the fluid, and exhibits only a star on its point:—Hence a *receiving* point always exhibits a *star*, and a *delivering* point *flames* in an imperfect vacuum. Rarefied air being so good a conductor,

may not the sun's electricity, when approaching the earth, be conducted by the thin air of the upper part of the atmosphere towards the poles, and produce the Aurora, or streamers? For dense air is a non-conductor, and must resist the passage of electricity, as well as the greater centrifugal motion of the equatorial, than the polar parts of the earth. Perhaps the vicinity of the magnetic poles to the poles of the earth, may also promote a condensation of the electric matter in the polar regions: For a strong shock of electricity will give magnetism to iron, and prove they are relations. 3. On the cover of a large leaden jar, fix a smaller jar, so that the *outside* coating of the small jar may have a metallic communication with the *inside* coating of the larger;—the outside coating of the small jar becomes a conductor to the inside of the big one, when held to an excited prime conductor; if when charged, one knob of the discharging rod be applied to the negative side of the large jar, and the other applied to the knob communicating with the inside of the small jar, a flash will issue from the contact (being the natural electricity of the inside coating of the small jar), by which the equilibrium of its two sides becomes destroyed. Electricity will then rise from the inside of the large jar upon the outside of the small one. This balance is again restored by forming a metallic communication between the *in* and *outside* coatings of the small jar. By repeating this twenty or thirty times, the whole charge of the lower jar will be taken piecemeal out; and prove, that what electricity is induced on one coating of a jar, draws or impels a like quantity from the other. 4. If a rod of wire, 18 inches long, having a light knob at each end, and suspended on an insulated point, be placed so between the knob of a charged jar and a metal pillar, that when one knob touches the pillar the other may be six inches from that of the jar, then will the rod vibrate between the jar and the pillar, taking out the electricity so by little and little as to require ten minutes to complete the discharge. 5. If a leaden phial be charged on an insulated stool, having two pith balls hanging by fine threads projecting from its in and outside coatings, the balls communicating with the positive coating will separate; if then a finger touch the wire on which they hang,



these balls will close, and those will open which communicate with the *negative* coating; touch that wire and the negative balls close, and the *positive* balls open, &c. for an amazing number of times; shewing that though glass will not conduct electricity, the electric influence can operate through the thickness of glass. 6. To superinduce electricity on a loose coating laid on plate-glass, touch the coating with the knob of a charged phial, then shake off the coating, and clap an insulated metal plate on the place, touching it at the time of contact, then lift up the plate, and it will give a spark to the knuckle; place it on the glass again, and touch and remove it as before, and it will give another spark, and continue to do so as long as the apparatus is kept clean and dry; making perpetual electricity, by which phials may be charged, inflammable air-guns fired, &c. —N. B. The plate of glass must have a fixed coating on the opposite side to the loose one, and of the same size. This apparatus is called *Electrophorus*; and often instead of glass, a plate is made of sulphur, shell-lac, resin, &c. To prove that the natural electricity of bodies may be disturbed by the near approach of excited electrics, let two projecting arms of insulated wood have slips of tinfoil glued on them from end to end, and pith balls hanging from one end of each; if the two arms be placed in a line, with the ball end of one touching the end without balls of the other, and an excited electric be held within an inch of the end without balls, then will all the four balls part;—at that instant, if one stand be separated from the other, the balls of one will be found in a negative, and the other in a positive state, the balls farthest distant from the excited electric will be in the same state as the electric, and of course repelled by it; the nearest attracted, &c. Hence, if any part of an electrical cloud comes near the earth, it will disturb the electricity in the earth, and drive it away; but if any other part of the cloud comes within a striking distance of the earth,—the cloud will be discharged, and the disturbed electricity will return with a force that frequently proves fatal to animals in its way.

\* *Electricity* is applied to *inflamed eyes, tumours, &c.* by a chain coming from the prime conductor ending in a point of hard wood; the point is held near the part by a glass

handle, and an aura issues from it on the sore, that often performs a cure. 2. Paralytick and rheumatic patients are relieved by shocks sent through the side affected. 3. Obstructions are often cured in both sexes by positive electrification, *i. e.* by placing the patients on an insulated stool, communicating with the prime conductor, and keeping them electrified for half an hour together, occasionally drawing sparks from them.

Some of the great and striking effects of electricity (as a rival to lightning) are, 1. A large sheep has been killed by the shock of three large jars sent through its head. 2. A wire is ignited by such a shock, its melted globules flying about, and its dispersed oxyd in flocculæ. 3. Put a tall pyramid, with a wire through it, near to a loose corner stone, where is a break in the wire; at this break an explosion strikes out the stone and demolishes the pyramid. 4. Stones forming breaks in models of domestic conductors also illustrate the danger of such breaks in real conductors. 5. Two slips of glass, with pieces of leaf-gold between them, when pressed close together, if a strong shock be sent through them, are broken to pieces and enamelled with the melted gold. 6. One hundred pages of a book can be pierced through with a strong shock, the perforation affords a phosphoric smell, the explosion between the positive and negative side of the jars takes place in the centre of the leaves, and hence a bur appears on both sides.

*Animal electricity* is the latest discovery made in this wonderful agent in nature, and bids fair to explain *muscular motion*. If a live frog be divided in the middle, its viscera cleared away, the skin stript from its hind legs, and part of the back bone be left attached to them by the two nerves of those legs; if then the legs be laid on tinfoil, and the part of the vertebræ on silver, and a communication be made between the two metals by a crooked silver wire, the legs instantly are convulsed, and start up! though the animal may have been apparently dead half an hour! — If the legs be put in one glass of water, and the vertebræ in another adjoining, on the silver wire touching the water in each glass, the legs and vertebræ instantly spring out of the glasses! The hearts of eels, flounders, and other cold animals have the same effect: and a human leg recently amputated, stirred its toes on being treated as above.



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 THE RANGER, No. I.—FOR THE MAGAZINE.

*"Speak of things as they are; nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."*

SHAKESPEAR.

The introductory letter, and the affixing an appropriate title to a series of essays, have been considered, by eminent writers, as peculiarly difficult.—*The Ranger* "opens for the exercise of talents, a wide and extensive field."—There is nothing in the title which chains the mind down to one subject; but, free as the wandering *Arab*, "we may rove through the gay regions of fancy, or scan, with the dispassionate eye of criticism, the follies of mankind."

To instill manly and moral principles, to extend the bounds of truth, is the intention for which these essays were written; and should we fail in doing justice to the cause we espouse, we are yet cheered with the recollection, that we were endeavouring to inculcate the precepts of morality and virtue. With these principles for our guide, and in the conviction of the purity of our motives, we might dare to challenge the esteem, at least, of good men.—Our essays shall be directed chiefly towards the follies and vanities of the age.

*"With friendly hand we'll hold the glass*

*"To all promiscuous as the pass,*

*"Should folly there her picture view,*

*"We fret not that the mirror's true."*

To those, whose curiosity prompts them to penetrate the obscurity which keeps us from the sight of the world, we can only reply, in the singular,

*"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."*

Terent.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN—FOR THE MAGAZINE.

Mr. Godard,

I here send you a piece which I have attempted to translate from the German ; it reads with much spirit in the original. If this translation is fit to be published, you may give it a place in your *Magazine*.

.....*Huc propius me,  
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.*

HORAT.

*Mercury.* Well Æsculapius, have you purged the world of that which is said to be the cause of men's misfortune ; and have you cured mortals of the disease of folly ? Jupiter has but little confidence in your skill. You have now been here a considerable time, and the complaints of folly have not yet decreased, but on the contrary increased. What is the reason of this ? you are to give me an account of it, by the express orders of Jupiter.

*Æscul.* I have sometimes almost been induced to believe Jupiter sent me to this place, as a punishment for an old grudge he had against my father, Apollo ; and that he has charged me to heal a disease, with which no man is afflicted. This pretended complaint of foolishness amongst mankind, was but a cunning scheme of Jupiter to get me out of heaven.

*Merc.* How, Æsculapius ! do you imagine there are no fools in this world ?

*Æscul.* By no means ; I daily see actions, and hear sentiments, that seem to me, to be the very quintessence of folly : Yet, believe me, Mercury, I can't find a single being who will acknowledge himself labouring under the disease of folly, or desires to have it removed. I, therefore, really think that the *complaints* against foolishness upon earth, which Jupiter is said to have heard, are but his own fabrications. If he is indeed disposed to do mankind any service through me, he should have them cured of a disease far worse in its consequences, and which is, in my opinion, the fountain of the most of human miseries.

*Merc.* And what disease should that be ?



*Æscul.* I call it the knowledge distemper. Every one owns at once that he has that disorder in his brain. If they are unwilling to own it in the circles of genteel and intelligent company, they will privately give you to understand that they are infected with the disease.

*Merc.* Ha, ha, ha, this is laughable!

*Æscul.* I believe, Mercury, you are making fun of me.

*Merc.* No, not at all! but I am surprised, that from these very symptoms you have not discovered that they are verily sick with foolishness. If you can remove this complaint, their imagined knowledge disorder will also be removed.

*Æscul.* But how shall I go about it? No man wants my assistance in this case; shall I go into their houses and try to persuade them that they are indeed fools, and that they want my medical aid? Shall I force my pills down their throats, which they would spit into my face again? How welcome would I be to them! Would they not think that I am a fool myself, and kick me out of their houses? No! Mercury, no! of that, which a person is not afflicted with, he cannot wish to be cured. At any rate, if men are really sick with foolishness, I don't want to cure them unless I am employed.

*Merc.* And yet they are continually running with complaints, to Jupiter, that folly has no end upon earth, begging and praying that man might be cured thereof.

*Æscul.* This is what you are always telling me; but why do they not come to me for relief, since I have published, and had it cried at every corner, that I came to cure them of foolishness?

*Merc.* Now I see where you have misapprehended the thing; tell me, in what manner have you made the cause of your arrival known?

*Æscul.* As common; there is a copy at my door, read it yourself.

*Merc.* (*Reads*) Know all men, that by the express high orders of the father of the gods of man, the great Jupiter has now sent the great, experienced, and in all the world applauded, Æsculapius amongst you, to cure the human race of that dangerous and infectious disease called FOOLISHNESS; whoever, therefore, is afflicted with any kind of folly, of whatsoever nature it may be, let him call and he shall be cured gratis.

*Æscul.* Have you any amendment to propose?

*Merc.* I thought there was a mistake somewhere in this business, and now I find it to be a fact.

*Æscul.* The mischief! and what could that be?

*Merc.* Listen, I will tell you, as an old experienced physician, you ought to know the symptoms of folly-fever better than it appears you do; consider that there is something curious in the nature of this disease, which is connected to no other human complaint. Do you not know that those who are the most painfully afflicted with the disorder you propose to cure, think themselves the healthiest?—No one discovers in *himself* the least sign of the disease, however violently he may be attacked by it; on the contrary, if his neighbour has but the slightest touch of the complaint, he instantly discovers it in him and reports him to be dangerously ill. Let us but alter your advertisement a little, and mention that every one, who knows his neighbour to be afflicted with the disease of foolishness, shall bring him to you; and I'll engage you my friend, you will have custom enough.

*Æscul.* That may be, I will take your advice.

*Merc.* That we may instantly see the effects of it, I will go through the streets and cry it out. Hear ye! Hear ye! whoever would wish to see his neighbour cured of any kind of foolishness, or knows of any laying sick with folly, bring him here and he shall be cured gratis.

*Æscul.* It is true, your plan will succeed; see how every one is laying hold right and left leading one at each hand. They appear to be willing to come. Now I shall have business enough.

*1st. Man.* Dear doctor, here I bring you a patient who is very dangerously ill.

*2d. Man.* Oh, doctor, take this man first, you can't believe how full of folly he is; he is just expiring with it.

*3d. Man.* Only have mercy upon this poor wretch, he thinks I am a fool, whereas he is, himself, in the highest degree, afflicted with the disease.

*4th. Man.* Lord, doctor, if you don't instantly give relief to this man, he will die in our hands!

*Æscul.* Patience! patience! you shall all be cured. Tell me my son, what kind of folly are you labouring under?



1st. *Man.* Me, Sir! I have no occasion for your medicine; but here my brother wants your aid.

2d. *Man.* What is that! *you* have no occasion for medicine, and I have; no Sir, there is nothing the matter with me; but your curled and powdered head is evidence enough against you.

1st. *Man.* But your greasy face, your yellow teeth, your tangled hair, your dirty clothes.

*Merc.* Don't dispute, let each one mention what foolishness he has discovered in the other; speak you.

1st *Man.* Is it not a great symptom of foolishness in a person, not to pay the least attention to his body, not to shew the beautiful symetry of his frame in a decent dress? Handsome feathers make a handsome bird. What can you expect of a brother, who in three months has not combed his hair; or washed his face and hands; his coat contains yet the dust of the preceding summer; and the hole he has torn in it the first time he put it on will remain open as long as he can use it. If I tell him to dress a little cleaner and neater, and to appear more decent, he only laughs into my face, and repeats these latin words, "*Forma neglecta virum decet.*" It is disgusting to say more of him, only look at him yourself.

2d *Man.* If my brother complains of me, on account of the little attention, which I pay to the outward appearances of my body, he yet forgets to tell the reason that I have for doing so. To take care of my soul is of more importance to me; wherefore should I adorn with idolatry, this bag of moths, this prison in which so noble a gem as the immortal spirit of man lies a prisoner? Have I nothing else to do, but to dress this transient body of corruption? I am convinced that your skill will discover more folly in my brother, than in myself. When he rises in the morning he runs to the glass, to look if, during the night, there has not, perhaps, some pimple made its appearance in his face; it takes him at least half an hour to inspect his coat, and examine whether there is not perhaps a hair or speck upon it; his shoes must be so tight, that if he can put them on in less than an hour he will send them to the shoemaker again; his linen must be as white as snow; and if he walks out, were it six times in a day, he must put on a fresh clean suit every time; he does not

only wash himself with castile soap, but likewise with as many waters to make a soft and clean skin, that I doubt very much whether you have as many vials in your shop as he has in his dressing room. Now is it not the greatest folly for him, to spend his precious time in such an unreasonable and unworthy manner?

*Merc.* You both have great need for a physician; as man exists in body and in soul, he must pay attention to both, and not neglect either of them. If a man can afford it to dress himself decently and cleanly, reason should tell him not to go too far.

*Æscul.* Walk into this chamber till I hear these; whom do you fetch here, my friend?

*3d Man.* This proud man was raised in the same village that I was; his father was an honest farmer, he left him a large estate, but now this puffed up son is ashamed of his decent; he assumes to be a baron, and changes his name by adding a few letters before and behind it; his friends he pretends not to know if they come to him in bad clothes; yet he has taken into his arms and kissed even our cowherd's son, because he had a silk dress on him.

*Æscul.* Verily, a great folly. Have you any thing to say in vindication?

*4th Man.* Yes, sir, suppose I was born in the same village he was, and my father was a farmer, yet I have had the same breeding and education that our young noblemen receive. I have been taught, from my infancy, not to have much to do with common people, and to endeavour to get still higher and higher in the world. After I had received my education I came to town; and as I had then got my father's blessing, I endeavoured to advance myself in an honourable way. What is there foolish in it, if a man would wish not to remain in the common dust? Had every man been so mean, and not have tried to distinguish himself from his equals, we would be without dukes, lords, and all kinds of noblemen; the beginning of a family is always obscure; if I don't wish to know my friends, it is because they have such mean and contracted souls, and their manners are so rough, that they are more like savages than civilized people. I can't be familiar with them without injuring my honor and at last be perhaps like them. But how is it with this gentleman, my prosecutor? He



removed into the country out of sheer vexation, because he could not obtain the office he had petitioned for.

Because his *labours* and *talents* were not rewarded, the people should even not get to see him. The world, now-a-days, is a great deal too ignorant to distinguish honorable men, among whom he, in his opinion, is the worthiest. Mankind, is therefore not worthy of such people's services. In the meantime, my prosecutor is possessed of a much more laughable pride than that which he charged me with; in every letter, even to his wife, he subscribes his name with a number of titles, which in fact are no titles with other people, merely to have something after his name; at the end of which he generally puts, &c. &c. &c. &c. to shew how many offices he was yet deserving. I hope, from this short description, you will know how much need he has for your medicine; me, I expect you will dismiss.

*Æscul.* Notwithstanding your lengthy defence, I see that you, and your prosecutor, are both very sick.

*Merc.* A man may with propriety advance from an inferior to a superior station in life without the imputation of folly; but to be ashamed of our ancestry, and to deny our descent, is certainly a mark of great folly. The less you would wish the world to know of your original, the more will be known of it. But what is your will there?

*5th Man.* Why, Sir, to get my honest old neighbour instantly cured of his folly. Last week he entered into his sixty-fourth year, and on the same day he married a girl who need not be ashamed to dress little dolls with her step-daughter's children. I expect he will set his grand children to guard her.

*Merc.* These surely are symptoms of great folly; I do not expect that any thing can be said against it.

*6th Man.* I don't think that that is so unreasonable a piece of conduct, as that which my friend here, who is blaming me with folly, has been guilty of. It is now two years past, when in his 28th year, he married an old widow of seventy-two, who already had buried four husbands. My young girl I married for this reason, she shall nicely wait upon me, and nurse and attend me. He is obliged to chew every bit of victuals for her, and put it into her mouth. I love my little woman, but his superannuated hag it is impossible for any one to love.

*Æscul.* Gentlemen you must both have a dose ; your follies are too notorious to receive palliation from any subterfuge.

*5th Man.* But, Sir, I made my fortune by this marriage ; is that unreasonable too ?

*Æscul.* As it was done in an improper manner, I cannot otherwise than say yes ; how much trouble and vexation have you purchased with this old wife of yours ? And how often have you wished her dead, when you embraced her old and shriveled form ? Only hush, and make no further apologies ; you may expect my medicine.

*7th Man.* Sir, is it not consummate folly, to be too careless in watching over the conduct of a young and beautiful wife ? My friend here is so goodnatured, and simple that he not only lets his little angel go abroad to other women where there is a chamber filled with fine gallant young gentlemen, but also gives her opportunities, in his absence, to receive visits from several young gentlemen. He lets them walk with her to the theatre, or in the garden, and play at cards ; yea, he even suffers them to imprint a kiss on her fair hand, and with a smiling countenance wisper things into her ears. He laughs and thinks them jesting if, in an open and numerous company, they call him by the nickname with which half the town ridicules him.

*Married man.* I know, Sir, what course he is upon ; he wishes me to be as great a fool as himself. Only listen to a recital of some of *his* conduct : This gentleman, Sir, is the slave of the most whimsical folly ; he does not permit his wife to be unwatched even amongst her most intimate female friends. If she goes abroad, he charges his servants to watch her in every motion. He often breaks off in the middle of a discourse and runs to her chamber, to see that nobody is with her. Her own brother dare speak to her only in his presence. Whatever his jealousy works up in his fancy, he believes to be true, and puts himself to the most painful trouble to make her confess it. I am of opinion that a wife who is not honest from principle, cannot be made so by watching her with a jealous eye. I should rather suspect that it would induce her to perform the very thing against which she was guarded. The report is already in circulation that his prisoner has of late played him a trick by stratagem.



*Merc.* You have nothing to cast up to each other. When we hear people talk of their neighbours' faults we might suppose them the wisest people upon earth, when at the same time they are themselves filled with the greatest folly; for if the turn of speaking comes to the other, we always find that the plaintiff and the defendant are alike damnable.

*Æscul.* There is enough of this for once; I will give these a dose, and then proceed to the examination of others. Bless me how the croud increases.

### CRITICISM—FOR THE MAGAZINE.

The first folio edition of Shakspear, says TOOKE, is the only edition worth regarding; and indeed, it appears very evident that Shakspear, as we now have him, has lost much of the genuineness of his text.

In the following passage of *Macbeth*, all the explanatory and emendations which I have yet seen proposed to me faulty. The passage in the text stands thus:

"Approach thou like the rugged Russian  
 "The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hircan tiger  
 "Take any shape but that, and my firm fides  
 "Shall never tremble. Or be alive again  
 "And dare me to the desert with thy sword  
 "If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
 "The baby of a girl."

In this passage Pope changed *inhabit* to *inhibit*, afterwards put *thee* for *then*; and these corrections were adopted by MALONE, who says "The emendation *inhibit* by Mr. POPE. I have not the least doubt that it is a reading. By the other slight, but happy, emendation of his reading *thee* instead of *then*, which was proposed by STEVENS, and to which I have paid the respect that it has deserved by giving it a place in the text, this passage is rendered clear and easy."

Of these corrections, TOOKE, in somewhat a harsh manner, says, "But for these tasteless commentators one can hardly suppose that any reader of Shakspear could have found a difficulty; the original text is so plain, easy, and clear, and so much in the author's accustomed manner."

He affirms, what undoubtedly is the case, that, *inhabit*, as it is in the text, is the true reading, and offers this explanation:

"Dare me to the desert with thy sword,  
"If trembling I inhabit, &c."

i. e. If then I do not meet thee there, if trembling I stay at home, or within doors, or under roof, or within any habitation.

Perhaps this may have been Shakspear's meaning; but I cannot agree even with Mr. TOOKE that it was. If I might venture to hazard an explanation, I should propose this, as that which appears to me most likely to have been the author's meaning:

"Dare me to the desert with thy sword,  
call in "If trembling I inhabit then."  
him.

Marryhabit trembling then, If I tremble then, "protest he wishes of a girl." This is perfectly agreeable to the to a recage; in the preceding sentence, he says is the shny shape but that, and my firm nerves shall mit his ble;" i. e. my firm nerves shall never inhabit, mate fountain trembling.

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For the Monthly Magazine.

POVERTY PREFERABLE TO VICIOUS WEALTH.

works

self to ie contemplate the shortness of human life, and of opivils that are incident to the prosecution of our cannofer this ocean of uncertainty, to that "country shoulse bourn no traveller returns," we are constrained th, with Solomon—"vanity of vanities all is vanity! I said to my heart I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure, and behold this also is vanity! One genera-



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“tion passeth away and another generation cometh; I have  
“seen all the works that are done under the sun, and behold  
“all is vanity and vexation of spirit!”—Man as soon as he  
arrives at that season of life, when reason begins to expand  
his mind, and enlarge his conceptions, prepares to seek  
after pleasure; the world opens with all her deceitful charms,  
nature looks fair, and her inviting beauties seem not to  
hide the gulf of ruin that too often lurks beneath the spec-  
ious semblance! alas! alas! how many wily poisonous  
reptiles seek to catch the wandering victim, who, while  
he gazes on the world’s false grandeur is caught in some  
destructive snare and sinks into interminable ruin? As the  
wish of man is to enjoy pleasure, so his whole desires are  
centred in the means to procure pleasure; which appears so  
harmless and enticing, though it seldom fails to remove the  
veil that covers her pernicious charms and shew the world,  
as she really is, a monster! And what are these *means* cen-  
tered in? That deluding word, wealth! Scarce sixteen suns  
shed their influence over his head ere man begins to con-  
sider that he is born solely to search after wealth; for in  
that search he continues while he rests on this “shoal of  
time,” and this is the only friend the dying miser ever  
regrets to leave! How awful the consideration! time shuts  
upon his view and nothing but vast eternity expands. Eter-  
nity, a dreadful word! a word of anguish, or a word of  
bliss! though he knows not what may await him there, he  
casts no thought upon it, his whole soul is absorbed in  
only one consideration; he has been labouring all his life  
to accumulate wealth, perhaps he has not stopped at crimes  
to gain his wished for heaps, and now those eyes that  
gazed with rapture on the wealth he had amassed, are  
about to be closed forever on the world! now he must  
leave his heart’s best treasure! no mortal arm can snatch  
him from the grave. O! could the physician add some  
few more years to his wretched life! but it is in vain! the  
harbinger of relentless fate stands ready at her dread com-  
mand, and with a groan that pierces to the soul, the death-  
less spirit leaves a lifeless clay! not one farthing of his  
life’s whole labour, can descend with him to the tomb, he  
must leave it all! nothing but the narrow house that holds  
his mouldering body is his solitary companion! But let us  
consider how this wealth is obtained: in its pursuit each

nerve is strained and every faculty of mind and body is employed for the accomplishment of the desired end. 'Tis true, indeed, that some, like Ortogrul of Basra, become rich by silent profit and persevering industry! but, too often, like him, they are ready to exclaim—"How long have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which is at last useless! let no man, hereafter, wish to be rich who is already too wise to be flattered!"—But, on the other hand, how much oftener do we find every species of vice practised to obtain the desired object, and indeed not a crime of the most crimsoned die, would check the progress of the thirsty soul, in the pursuit of that, which he imagines will render him eternally happy! nothing but enjoyment can allay the burning fever! he thinks, (and too often we find it does) that the glow of wealth will varnish and gloss over any crime, his inordinate desires may lead him to commit! how dreadful a consideration, but how fatally true! the meanest and most servile frauds are practised. Blood-shed, and murder in its various shapes, are often the diabolical means! the assassin's stab, by which the wealthy relative is hurried to an untimely grave, to satisfy the impatient avarice of a profligate heir; and the poisoned draught administered to the unsuspecting wretch that ends at once his anguish and his life! this leads more immediately to consider the preference which ought to be given to virtuous poverty. Ask the man, who, by a complication of crimes, has accumulated treasures, and let him answer honestly, if his heart is at rest. Ask him if no storms of conscience disturb the tranquility of his bosom; and, in substance, he will answer,

*"That from behind her secret stand,  
"The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,  
"And her dread diary with horror fills!"*

He will tell you that, like a gnawing worm, she preys upon his peace, and though he wears a placid aspect, his heart is torn by ten thousand lacerating feelings. His loathsome days are passed in fear; he thinks each eye that views him, bends an angry glance. Conscious guilt makes him shrink back, and dread to cast a look upon the passing stranger. His nights are sleepless; or if, by chance, sleep



shuts his senses, it is no sleep to him ; for busy conscience is even then at work. Dreams of anguish rend his guilty heart ! he sees the naked ghost of murdered innocence, clenching the blood besprinkled steel ! or holding in his gelid hand the baleful bowl ! he hears the same hollow groan resounding in his ear, that pierced it when his wretched victim fell ! he sees the pale visage and the sunken eye, that cast a look never to be forgotten ! this is the journal of his life ; but let us view him on the bed of death. O ! there is vital terror, freezing anguish ! how horror reigns upon his haggard brow ! the wealth for which, perhaps, his soul has paid the dreadful price, is now forgotten ; futurity employs his every thought. Hope from his bosom chased, gives place to wan despair ! but when the final hour has arrived,

*" How the frantic soul*

*" Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,*

*" Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help !*

*" Mournful sight !*

*" Her very eyes weep blood ; and ev'ry groan*

*" She heaves, is big with horror."*

Heaven shuts its blessings on the dying man, his soul seems crazed with agony ! and hell nigrescent on his blood-shot eye to catch him blows her angriest fire !—He dies.—But let us now reverse the scene. Ask the good man why he is so content though poor, and he will tell you conscience lies still ; the busy monitor has no need to warn him, innocence is his guard. He sighs not for wealth, because he is happy without it. He pants not for power, because his heart is good. The smile of peace adorns his honest brow, and his whole look is but a mirror to his heart. The plaint of sorrow never assails his heart in vain, for from the little providence has given him, he bestows his mite to save a sinking brother ; or if he cannot do this, pity like the morning dew upon the thirsty green, eases the heart of the afflicted, and the beggar's benediction is his only hoped or wished for reward here. His nights are not disturbed with dreams of anguish, and in the morn he wakes again to peace. But let us trace him to the trying hour.

*"A death bed's a detector of the heart :*

*"Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,*

*"Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene,*

*"Here real and apparent are the same !"*

He then, amid the wreck, could smile ; his soul far stretched beyond its narrow bounds catches at Heaven ! to him no terrors rise ; in vain the threatening ruin gathers round him, or bursts its fury on him ! in vain the grave gapes wide to welcome him, through the dark tomb he has a vista to his God ! and if he sink, 'tis but to rise in brighter worlds of joy ! and even while sinking to the shades of death, peace sits triumphant on his smiling brow, his eyes beam pleasure, and his faltering tongue, with its last accents breathes a feebler song of praise ! he feels the gelid press upon his heart, the unrelenting king of terrors seize on his prey,—he dies !—His body is indeed cold, but the deathless faculty within, the vital ember of immortal life, the eternal spark implanted in his frame exists forever ; his soul defies the barb of death and smiles secure over the body's wreck ! the gloomy cloud that overshades the vale is big with bliss, and through it, soon shall Heaven burst upon his view, and while on angel's wings he soars above, he may exultingly exclaim—"O ! grave where is thy victory ? O ! death where is thy sting ?"

POLYCARP.

### ANECDOTES.

Some ladies walking in the fields, met a labourer with a little kid, which he was carrying to market. "See ! see !" said one of them, "what a pretty little goat, though it has no horns." The rustic cried, "ladies, he is not married."

There was a grand masquerade-ball held at Paris in the reign of Lewis XIII, who was a weak prince. His majesty, notwithstanding his dress, was discovered by two young gentlemen, walking in the ball-room, with his arm round the waist of one of his mistresses ; one of the gentlemen complaining of the heat of the room, made a motion to the other for them to adjourn to the *kings arms*. "No," replied he, "that will not do ; *the kings arms are full* ; but if you think proper, we will retire to the *kings head*, for *that is quite empty*."



*For the Monthly Magazine.*

In those times when the ambition of France deluged Switzerland with blood, and no sounds were heard, save the "*mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration,*" Venoni, a Swiss patriot, saved a French officer in battle; offered him his home, and nursed him with the affection of a father; when in requital, he seduced his only daughter and fled with her from his protector's home: this is the foundation of the following tale, though in the conclusion I have taken the poet's liberty.

O:

## LOUISA VENONI.

Stay sage, thy breast if pity warms,  
 Fly not a wretch forlorn:  
 Help, or I die, e'er day's bright charms  
 Shall tint the rising morn!  
 For I, alas! no place of rest,  
 Can this drear night explore;  
 My bare feet torn, my heart distress'd,  
 Shall faint and beat no more!  
 O! let my woes to pity move  
 Thy venerable breast;  
 I, harmless as the gentle dove,  
 Can never mar thy rest!  
 Behold my feet with thistles torn,  
 They stain the earth with gore;  
 Pity, lest I, poor wretch, ere morn,  
 Shall die and be no more!  
 The hermit crid, while swelling sighs  
 Surcharged his aged breast;  
 "Alas! unhappy maid arise,  
 And take thy needed rest!"  
 "Where yon faint light strikes thro' the gloom,  
 I sold Ambrosia's cell;  
 Come enter thou the hollow dome,  
 Where rest and quiet dwell!"  
 "I too have traced misfortune's mase,  
 Her fiercest vengeance met;

I've trod the wild and rugged ways,  
That form her dreadful net!"

And now the bright and cheering blaze,  
In volumes, rolls in air;  
And now its warm, enliv'ning rays,  
Revive the drooping fair.

"Afflicted maid," the hermit cried,  
"Attend my tragic tale;  
I have for sorrows often sigh'd,  
And still those sorrows wail!"

"I whilom dwelt in fair Savoy,  
Whose verdant pasture, yields  
Abundance: strangers now enjoy  
Venoni's fertile fields!"

(While thus the aged hermit spoke,  
The maiden wip'd a tear;  
And from her breast a sigh she broke,  
Which spent itself on air!)

"A wife and daughter, tender, fair,  
Were rooted in my breast;  
My wife and daughter all my care,  
Venoni then was blest!"

When France in fierce destructive rage,  
Assail'd my native land;  
For freedom, bloody wars to wage,  
I join'd the daring band!

"And when the slaught'ring scene was o'er,  
I left the field of blood;  
Then sought my home to see no more,  
\* Geneva's gentle flood!"

"A son of Gallia meets my eyes,  
All bath'd in blood and grief;"

"Have pity on a foe," he cries,  
"And kindly yield relief!"

"I ask thee not my life to save,  
For I've thy brethren slain;  
But let me die as suits the brave,  
Not perish on the plain!"

\* *Lake of Geneva in Switzerland.*



"Stranger, with mildness I replied,  
Altho' my country's foe;  
Tho' with my blood thy steel were dyed,  
I could not help forego!

"I rais'd my fainting foe and led  
O'er hills the wretched man;  
When placed upon Venoni's bed,  
The villain thus began!"

"O! thou who could thy rage forego,  
When in thy pow'r thus plac'd;  
And let soft pity for thy foe,  
Be sov'reign in thy breast;

"Accept my gratitude and love,  
They'll ever warm my breast;  
And will my heart unceasing move,  
To guard Venoni's rest!"

"But when my tender, fost'ring care,  
His anguish deep, allay'd;  
The villain plung'd me in despair,  
My only hope betray'd!

"He gain'd alas! my daughter's love,  
In flatt'ring speech annoy'd;  
And in the lost Venoni's grove,  
The tender maid betray'd!

"My ungrateful foe convey'd my child,  
Alas! I know not where;  
My wife expired in phrensy wild,  
A victim to despair!

"I left my native plains and fled  
From scenes my heart abhorr'd;  
Ah! pity, kind angelic maid,  
This was thy sad reward!

"My harp upon my shoulder slung,  
I cross'd the raging main;  
In Britain's crowded land I sung,  
My woes in mournful strain!

"Once as I chanc'd to trace the way,  
Enlighten'd by the moon;

My harp breath'd forth a sorrowing lay,  
My daughter's favorite tune!

"My country's woes with many a tear  
I sung, by foes oppress'd;  
I sung the loss of all most dear  
Unto my aged breast!

"As thus I sung before a dome,  
That vaulted to the skies;  
I heard a passing, feeble moan,  
And now repeated sigh's!

I turn'd and saw my hapless child,  
My bosom glow'd with joy;"

"Minstrel, she cried in accents wild,  
Thou tun'st of fair Savoy!

"Say can'st thou sing Venoni's wrongs,  
Can'st tell his hapless fate;  
Can'st tell if Heav'n his life prolongs,  
O! minstrel quick relate?"

"List, lady, list, my mournful strain,  
Shall his deep sorrows tell;  
For him my heart is rent with pain,  
And sighs o'erwhelming swell!

"I touch the harp the strings vibrate,  
I sing my own despair;  
The words of my forlorn estate,  
Ascend the trembling air!"

#### THE SORROWS OF VENONI.

"How sad is the spot where Venoni once dwell'd,  
His fields now no longer look fair;  
Louisa has fled, and Venoni impell'd  
By his woes, tills the fields of despair!

"Once fondly he sung his own happy estate,  
His heart free from sorrow and care;  
Louisa has fled, O! how galling his fate,  
Poor Venoni is plung'd in despair!



"The hills of Savoy and each echoing vale,  
Would reverb'rate his bliss thro' the air;  
Louisa has fled, ah! how hapless the tale,  
For Venoni now breathes but despair!

"The wife with whose virtues Venoni was bless'd,  
Was tender, maternal, and fair;  
But Louisa has fled, and her mother distress'd,  
Has died a sad prey to despair!

"His dear native plains poor Venoni has left,  
And barren his fields once so fair;  
Louisa has fled, and of pleasure bereft,  
I wandered a prey to despair!

"I ceas'd, when my Louisa cried,  
While sighs o'ercharg'd her breast;  
Behold thy daughter lost, (and sig'd)  
That oft thy love caress'd!

"No longer able to refrain,  
I caught her to my breast;  
My whisper'd pardon sooth'd her pain,  
Had her hoped for rest.

"Now when I thought that I had press'd,  
Close her polluted form;  
I fled and left my child distress'd,  
To brave the gath'ring storm!

"Yet still I thought me to depart,  
And seek her once again;  
When busy rumour, pierced my heart,  
For death had eas'd her pain!

"E'er since with deep regret I've spent  
My wretched being here;  
And wept, my heart with anguish rent,  
Her fate with many a tear!

"Thy weary limbs then maiden rest,  
Ah! stop that rising tear;  
She cried, while sigh's usurp'd her breast,  
"Behold Louisa here!"

Both grief and joy the father melt,  
They heave his breast in turn;

Grief for the sorrows she had felt,  
And joy at her return!

"Ah! father since the dreadful hour,  
That tore me from thy arms;  
I've lived beneath the villain's pow'r,  
Till left for other charms!

'Twas then I trac'd the dreary way,  
'Twas then I sought the gloom;  
That led me thro' this dreadful day,  
To a lost fathers home!"

"'Tis o'er, my loved Louisa cease,  
On my paternal breast,  
Bury thy former woes in peace,  
And end thy days in rest!"

Once more the harp Venoni strung,  
He tun'd his former joy;  
Once more the balmy pleasures sung,  
He'd felt in fair Savoy!

He ceas'd when a faint voice return'd,  
"His harp assails my ear;  
Grant Heav'n that he for whom I've mourn'd,  
May end my wand'ring here!"

A palid wretch approach'd the cell,  
Louisa dropt a tear;  
"Does here the lost Venoni dwell?"  
The sage repli'd, "'tis here!"

"Louisa too!—my love—my wife!"  
(She sunk into his arms:)  
"Now here I vow to yield my life,  
To guard thy angel charms!

"And O! Venoni, thou whose bliss,  
Abandon'd I destroy'd;  
I'll wed and ever live in peace  
With her whom I decoy'd!"



Again the harp Venoni strung,  
And tun'd his former joy;  
Again the balmy pleasures sung,  
He'd felt in fair Savoy!

OTHELLO.

*For the Monthly Magazine.*

### THE DELUSIONS OF HOPE.

O'er sick'ning fancy, what chill shadows roll  
When life's dark scenes flit o'er the weary soul;  
What various woes, ideal, bid us turn,  
From the gay scenes of life, alone to mourn!  
E'en he who builds in airy wastes, sublime,  
The temple, fair, of future pleasures shrine,  
Fond as he gazes on the glittering form,  
Some black cloud rolls, and wraps it in the storm.

So when ELIZA on the sounding shore,  
Listens to the sound of ocean's distant roar,  
And fondly gazing o'er the billow'y main,  
Sees her lov'd HENRY's safe return again:  
At once dark clouds in weltering columns roll,  
And wrap in night, heaven's disk from pole to pole,  
Dread thunder roars, and whirlwinds sweep around,  
And arrowy lightning pierce the deep profound;  
Large, and more large, the foaming billows rise,  
Lift their proud heads and bellow in the skies;  
Till one dread tumult wraps the foaming waves,  
And ocean trembles to his inmost caves.  
Trembling, and pale, the sad ELIZA stands,  
Looks up to heaven, and claps her pallid hands,  
The big tears thronging from her frensied eyes,  
Roll down her cheeks and mingle with her sighs.  
To GOD she prays, to GOD who rules the seas,  
To save her HENRY, and the winds to ease;  
On raging billows sees his vessel tost,  
Sees her dear HENRY,—and she sees him lost;

Wildly she shrieks with frensy's sad despair,  
Oh God! oh God, spare! spare! my HENRY spare!  
Starts with wild horror, plunges in the wave,  
And meets her lover in his wat'ry grave.

See the bright sun now glorious in his beams,  
Throw his mild radiance o'er these roseate scenes,  
Soon will yon tempest mustering in the sky,  
Shroud his effulgence from the raptur'd eye.  
So HOPE's bright sun, when shining from afar,  
Beams on the soul like ev'ning's radiant star,  
Paints in the verge of future's circling zone,  
The phantoms fair of pleasures yet to come.  
But ere the buds of fancied joys yet bloom,  
Cares darkly rise, and wrap them in their gloom.

When bold of soul the warrior left his home,  
O'er distant lands and blood stained fields to roam,  
Fondly he clasp'd her in his folding arms,  
And sooth'd with hopes his Anna's sad alarms.  
With anxious breast she counts the lingering days,  
And sighs to see him return with valour's bays;  
Calms with soft hopes, her weeping infant train,  
"Your warrior sire will soon return again  
"With patriot trophies blooming on his crest,  
"And press you smiling to his throbbing breast."  
But Ah! the warrior, bold, returns no more,  
Stab'd through his heart, he welters in his gore,  
Quick to the field the sobbing widow flies,  
Beats her sad breast, and fills the air with cries;  
Clasps her cold husband in her trembling arms,  
And sinks beneath her bosom's dire alarms.  
While the poor orphans sobbing stand around,  
And press with tender hands his gushing wound.

When waking LIBERTY on Erin's soil,  
Burst the damn'd chains of proud oppressing toil,  
Smil'd o'er the realm, and bid her vot'ries rise,  
And waves her symbols in their genial skies;  
Hope's soothing glow, inflam'd each patriot breast,  
And calm'd their fears, by promised peace to rest;  
But soon the TYRANT, friend-like, stalk'd around,  
And crush'd the new-wak'd genius to the ground;  
The gen'rous flame, by tyrant power repress,  
Sunk drooping down within each injured breast.



O, Erin's sons ! if freedom's noble flame,  
Burns in one breast, O hear her sacred claim,  
Burst the curs'd bonds that bind her fairy limbs,  
And hail her rising with a thousand hymns.

In youth's fair dawn, when new-wak'd fancy soars  
On golden pinions, and her fields explores,  
With winning form, and dazzling splendor rise,  
A thousand raptures to her wand'ring eyes ;  
Till truth's stern wand dissolves each fabric fair,  
And shews *her* forms, while fancies melt in air.

\* \* \* \* \*

H. S.

### DEATH—FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Hark ! Hark ! the doleful knell of death proclaims  
Some mortal journeying to his final home ;  
Ah ! see the weeping friends that now surround  
His melancholy bier ! has death such terrors  
That we should grieve when a lov'd friend's releas'd  
From all the cares of this transitory world ?  
Think you, 'tis happier on the bed of pain  
Where pangs convulsive wring the tortur'd frame,  
And groans proclaim the anguish of the soul ?  
Oh no ! what folly then to grieve with tears ;  
Rather rejoice that heav'n in mercy has  
Releas'd our friend from misery and woe.  
Death 's but the common lot of all ! to *day*  
We feast on every joy the world provides ;  
To *morrow* finds us inmates of the tomb.  
Life's transient scene, fades like the morning dew,  
Which quickly flies, and leaves no trace behind.  
The grave 's but a couch of cold unconscious clay,  
Where thousand suff'ers lay their aching heads ;  
" The wicked ones, are wicked now no more,  
" They cease from troubling, and their labour's o'er ;  
" The weary are at rest," no more the roam,  
But find a heaven in the silent tomb ;  
There sleep secure till the last awful day,  
When God shall judge them and their merits weigh.

OCTAVIAN,

*For the Monthly Magazine.*

### MOUNT HOPE.

O'er shadowy vales, and winding hills  
The towering mansion rears its head,  
And echos to the murmuring rills,  
That devious winds—by *Naiads* led.

Mark, where yon forest's verdant crests,  
Wave gently o'er the upland slope,  
There, as the weary wand'rer rests  
To breathe, he views thy walls, *Mount Hope*:

O rare met spot! where graces move  
On tip-toe gay, through airy halls,  
Where taste and virtue meet with love,  
And grace, *Mount Hope*, thy towering walls.

EUGENE.

*In October, 1795.* "One Samuel Cardise, who had been committed to the house of correction in Kendal, and there confined as a vagabond, until put on board a king's ship, agreeable to the *late act*, sent for his *wife* the evening before his intended departure. He was in a *cell*, and she spoke to him through the iron door. After which he put his hand underneath, and she with a mallet and chissel, concealed for the purpose, struck off a finger and thumb, to render him unfit for his majesty's service."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We invite Polycarp to continue his correspondence.  
Several communications received, will be attended to.

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